

J. H. STEWART, Editor and Publisher.

GOODLAND KANSAS

King Edward's progress was — one long royal jolly.

Spain's new cabinet is an improvement. Weyler isn't in it.

For everything that you ought to do, there is given the time in which to do it.

Doubtless Russell Sage would do better to take his wife's advice. Most men would.

Who cares what happens to the prince of Chimay? The late princess was the beautiful one.

The price of meat hasn't gone up any for several weeks. No explanation has as yet been offered.

Golf champion Harry Vardon's breakdown is apparently the result of working too hard at play.

If you have seen anything of Jones please send word to the New York police; they are looking for him.

Venezuela is now endeavoring to get into trouble with Spain, probably just to show that she isn't afraid.

A sanitarium conveniently located at which people could rest after their vacations would doubtless be popular.

Thirteen convicts escaped from a California jail, and now the warden knows an unlucky number when he sees it.

Prof. Langley would rather fly when no one is looking, as he does not care for sympathy if he happens to get a few bumps.

The landsman will wonder what is derived from the cup races to compensate for the expenditure of a million dollars.

If the new comet isn't careful it is likely to get some of its numerous tails entangled in the handle of the great dipper.

The son of King Peter has been declared a degenerate. But as Serbia is a monarchy that does not impair his eligibility to rule.

Gen. Wos y Gil is the new president of Santo Domingo. Hereafter his enemies will be unable to twist him on being a never Wos.

The man who slept forty-four days ought to recover. If he had been awake that long there would be more reason to fear for him.

The Atchison Globe thinks the word "debut" should be pronounced as it is spelled, because it means that one more has butted in.

The apple crop this season is said to be something tremendous. If the apples are good the demand for them will be something fierce.

Is not Bob Fitzsimmons, the former ring champion, who has just been married a third time, entitled to hold the wedding-ring championship in his class?

A woman may respect a man for being able to think, but she can never understand why he wants to do it when he could have so much more fun talking.

If it is true that rich gold fields have been discovered in Porto Rico the people of the island may well begin to prepare sandwiches for a lot of new arrivals.

Perhaps the rich woman who gave a quarter as a reward to the little girl who found and brought back her purse containing \$500 worth of valuables didn't have a dime.

A hailstorm in Minnesota cost the farmers of that state more than a million dollars, which was more expensive ice than that which is furnished by the trust.

A Roman chariot believed to be over 1,000 years old has been bought by a New York man in Paris for \$100,000. He could have purchased a modern automobile for less than that.

Hereafter when Chinese reformers write for the celestial newspapers they will confine their remarks to comments on the weather and verses in praise of the empress dowager's beauty.

Two automobilists have finished the first automobile trip across the continent. By keeping a sharp eye out for familiar landmarks it might be possible for them to find their way back again by the same path.

Just by falling downstairs in her home a California woman was cured of a trouble that had deprived her of the use of her limbs and her voice. This is a remedy that it would be well to take in homeopathic doses, however.

Nine thousand street signs have been put in place in Manhattan within a year, at an expense of \$40,000, and 6,000 more are needed. When they are supplied, the unbeliever seeking for a sign will have only to go to the nearest corner.

Owing to the numerous accidents reported, Paris people have turned their backs on the automobile and have taken up with the flying machine. Why not try the toy pistol?

Greece wants a new constitution. Some lawmakers have great faith in a constitution, having yet to learn that such documents are not self-enforcing.

Many a woman with a preserved package of love-letters has found that the pen is mightier than the sword in a breach of promise suit.

WIT AND HUMOR

It Was a Narrow Escape.
"You seem to have a great liking for large words."

"Well, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I once knowed a man whose life was saved by a big word. He done told me dat I prevaricated, an' by de time I foun' out what dat word meant it were too late for me to let on how mad I was.—Washington Star.

Should Be Encouraged.
"Suppose," said the beautiful girl, gazing at the distant stars, "suppose this old earth should stop revolving?"
"Not while we are together," he whispered, slipping his arm around her.

"And why not?"
"Because 'love makes the world go around.'"

Some Men Insist on Being Stung.
"I wonder if you'd marry me if I had money?" he sighed.
"Ah, George," she answered, "why do you wish me to be cruel to you? I have tried so hard to let you down easy."

Didn't Find It.
Father—William, what were you doing with that bird book?
William—I'm looking for a picture of a round robin.—Chicago Daily News.

He'd Go All the Faster.
Kate—Nellie says she wouldn't marry the best man going.
Minnie—Probably not, after he once saw her.

Essentials of Happiness.
"Was she happily married?" "Very!"
"Why, her troupeau alone cost over \$6,000."—Judge.

Close Figuring.
Accum—So the magazine took one of your short stories. I hear you got a good price for it, too.



Miss Voca List (singing)—Were I a bird, I'd fly.
Mr. Andy Bruce—Heaven grant thy prayer!



Fix—He's the kind of a man who can take a glass of beer and quit.
Dix—Yes; if you happen to treat.

Get Him into Trouble.
"I see that Silas is famous," said Farmer Cornatossel as he stopped before the stove in the village store.
"Got his picture in the paper for being cured o' rheumatiz."

"Yes," answered the storekeeper. "An' Silas is that mad he can't see. He only got \$2 for givin' the testimonial, an' since it was put in the paper that he's well and hearty, all his family an' his distant relatives is after him wantin' to know why he doesn't go to work."—Washington Star.

The One to Blame.
"I don't like these references," said the housewife.

"Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em, jest you go to the people as gave 'em to me an' tell 'em so."

Abbreviated Enough.
Reporter—Here is something about the summer girl's bathing suit of 1902.

Editor—Oh, abbreviate it as much as possible.
Reporter—It is already abbreviated to the limit, sir.

A Mean Deal.
"You say Bigzums created quite a scandal at the bal masque of the Automobile association last night?"
"He did. The brute took an unfair advantage by leaving off his visor and wearing clothes that fit him, and, of course nobody knew him."

Generous Man.
McBluff—I did want to tip you, waiter, but I have no change.
Waiter—I can make change for you, sir.
McBluff—Er—can—you? Well—er—give me five pennies for this nickel.

Plenty to Spare.
"What's the matter?" asked the centipede.
"The doctor tells me I have one foot in the grave," replied the worm.
"Oh, I wouldn't let a little thing like that worry me," said the centipede.

An Enforced Rest.
"I wasn't going to take any vacation this summer, but the boss insisted." "You don't say? How long a vacation do you get?"
"As long as it takes me to find another job."

A Pertinent Query.
"So you are a reformer," said the man who thinks before he votes.
"I am."
"Would you continue to be a reformer after you got office?"

Not Encouraging.
"Now, what do you think of that?" asked the poet who had got the critic in a corner and read his "latest" to him. "Don't you think I'd better have that copyrighted?"

"Well," replied the critic, "that copy certainly needs to be reprinted, but it's doubtful whether it's really worth while."

The Best.
"Yes, suh," said the Kentuckian, reminiscently, "he were the best jedger we evah had in Kaintucky."
"Why, I didn't know he was a jedger," said the stranger.
"The best in the state, suh," affirmed the native; "he could tell to the minute how old a brand of liquor were by merely tastin' it."

His Explanation.
"When we were married didn't you say: 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow'?"

"Certainly I did, but I didn't have any worldly goods then, and of course that doesn't apply to what I have secured since. If I'd had anything I might have been more cautious."

Worse Off than His Clock.
Dugan—Casey, your clock is broke. It struck folve for six.
Casey—Faith, it's more lucky than meself, thin. Yistiddy whin Ool wor broke Ol had to stroke folve for wan.



Mrs. Henpeck—You're no hero; you're not noble. You never did anything to save your fellow-men from any suffering.
Mr. Henpeck—Oh! I don't know. I married you.

Dismissing the Moon.
Voice from the Doorway—Mary, what are you doing out there?
Mary—I'm looking at the moon.
Voice from the Doorway—Well, tell the moon to go home and you come into the house. It's half-past eleven.

"Nuff Said.
George (nervously)—I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose.
Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa.

Frank and Honest.
Butcher—What did you think of that steak I cut you yesterday?
Patron—To be perfectly frank with you, I thought it came off a South American cow that had been foddered on rubber trees.

Partially.
Spendthrift—When I got married I owed fifteen thousand dollars and my wife had only eight thousand.
Friend—Then you married partly for love, didn't you?

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OUR SAILORS IN 1803

DECATUR'S GALLANT DEED IN TRIPOLI HARBOR.

Destruction of the Frigate Philadelphia. One of the Glorious Memories of the American Navy.—Capt. Bainbridge's Misfortune.

The breaking up of the cruiser Philadelphia because the cost of repairing her would represent too great a percentage of her value, and her being fitted up for a receiving ship, recalls three other vessels bearing the name of Philadelphia, which figured in the history of the country. The first, the 18 fated thirty-six gun frigate Philadelphia, which was wrecked by running on a shoal off Tripoli, while chasing a corsair; the second, a gondola, under command of Capt. Grant, sunk with others of Arnold's fleet in Lake Champlain; the third, a steamer taken into the service of the navy, and used in a survey of the Potomac river at a time when Washington was almost cut off from communication with the loyal north by land or water. The wreck of the frigate Philadelphia during the war with Tripoli opened one of the brightest pages in American naval history. On Oct. 31, 1803, the frigate, Capt. Bainbridge, started in pursuit of a corsair, trying to steal into the port of Tripoli. The corsair sought the shelter of the reefs, with whose openings her commander was familiar, and Capt. Bainbridge pursued, taking soundings as the vessel bowed along. Suddenly the water began to shoal, and the vessel was at once turned toward the open sea, but she was inside the reef and struck upon it while going at the rate of eight knots an hour. Every effort was made to back her, while the enemy's gunboats opened upon the stranded ship; but the tide ebbed, the vessel keeled over, and nothing more could be done, even for her defense. The magazine was flooded, the pumps disabled, holes were bored in the ship's bottom, and then Capt. Bainbridge and his crew, in all 315 men, surrendered. Two days later a strong wind from the north piled up the waters, and the Tripolitans succeeded in getting the ship off the reef, and, having patched her up

and recovered the guns and anchors that had been thrown overboard, the Bashaw soon had the Philadelphia, a thirty-six gun frigate, added to his navy, while her officers and men were confined in filthy dungeons.

Mr. N. C. Nissen, the Danish consul at Tripoli, befriended the American prisoners and through his aid Capt. Bainbridge was able to communicate with the American fleet and suggested the destruction of the Philadelphia as she lay at anchor in the harbor.

Stephen Decatur, Jr., then in command of the Enterprise, proposed to Capt. Edward Preble that he should undertake the task. He had a rival in Lieut. Charles Stewart, but Decatur was chosen and began preparations for the dangerous task. He had captured a Tripolitan ketch called the Mastico, and it was determined that he should enter the harbor in this vessel, which would excite less suspicion than an American rigged schooner.

A picked crew of sixty-two men was put on board, together with a dozen young officers, including Decatur, who was then 24 years old, and Midshipmen Thomas McDonough, 20 years old, and James Lawrence, a lad of 16.

On the 16th of February, the wind being favorable, the Mastico was headed for the harbor, with the Siren in attendance outside to help rescue the crew in case of need. The night was clear and starlit, and as the Mastico entered the harbor the Philadelphia lay



Stephen Decatur.

ing at anchor under the guns of the Bashaw's castle could be dimly seen in the distance. Decatur's plan was to foul the Philadelphia at her bow, where his vessel would not be exposed to her guns, and to board her at once. At 9 o'clock the Mastico was challenged by a sentinel on the frigate. Decatur stood beside Salvatore Catalano, the pilot, and directed his movements.

The pilot said that the ketch had just arrived from Malta, and, having lost her anchors in the recent gale, desired permission to make fast to the frigate's cables. While the pilot kept up the conversation the Mastico was heaving the ship's cables, but at a critical moment a light puff of air from the south set her back, and she was soon exposed to the frigate's broadside. It was a trying moment, but Decatur, with great coolness, turned the Mastico for the forechains, and sent out a boat with a hawser to make fast. The Turks also had sent out a hawser, intending to make the ketch fast to the frigate's stern. This

would have interfered with Decatur's plans, and in the end came near to preventing his escape. The Americans, however, took the hawser from the Tripolitans under the pretense that they would use it as desired. In the meantime the men lying down on the deck were pulling with a will at the hawser leading to the forechains. While they were still some yards from their goal the enemy discovered that the ketch had her anchors, and a man was sent to the forechains to cut the hawser, an instant later the men were seen pulling at the hawser, and the alarm was given, "Americans! Americans!" There was no time to be lost; the ship's crew was in confusion, and before they could recover the Americans had boarded.

The Turks fled in dismay as the



Richard Dale.

Americans swarmed over the sides or crawled through the port holes, many of them jumped overboard, some were drowned, and those who remained offered feeble resistance. The work had been carefully planned, and each officer set about his task at once. In ten minutes after Midshipman Morris reached the deck a rocket was sent up to notify the Siren that the Philadelphia had been captured.

Combustibles were passed up from the ketch, and each boat's crew set fire to the part of the ship assigned to it. The ship was ablaze from stem to stern when Decatur ordered a return to the Mastico, and the little vessel had swung off clear, when he jumped into her shrouds, being the last man to leave the Philadelphia. The Mastico got away from the burning frigate in safety, but she still had to pass the batteries along shore and the Tripolitan gunboats. The men took to the sweeps and rowed for life in an effort to get out of range. The Mastico was a fair mark in the illuminated harbor, but the Turks were too much excited to do any damage. One shot passed through her topgallant sail, but that was the only hurt she received.

The Philadelphia was a mass of flames, illuminating the harbor and the white walled city beyond; from time to time her guns were discharged, and the last flames having reached her magazine, there was a terrific explosion, and the Philadelphia disappeared forever.

A Giant of the Deep.

The American Museum of Natural History in New York has just come into possession of what is believed to be the largest whale ever exhibited on land. It is a female smack, sixty-eight and one-half feet in length. Its body, in life was thirty feet in circumference. It is estimated that at least fifty men could be enclosed within the interior of this gigantic animal. The full grown right whale, which is the species usually hunted for its blubber and whalebone, averages from forty-five to fifty feet only in length. The whale whose skeleton is to adorn the museum was washed ashore dead, near Forked river, New Jersey. Scientific theory avers that the ancestors of the whales were terrestrial or land mammals, which gradually became aquatic in their way of living.

A Lady Ship Doctor.

Mlle. Sarah Broido, a young lady doctor, has obtained a professional engagement on board a steamer plying between Marseilles and Algiers. The circumstances is to be noted as Mlle. Broido is the first French "doctoresse" who has been engaged on board ship. Hitherto ships' doctors had it all their own way, but they have now to face the competition of the doctoresse. Already Mlle. Broido's example is being followed, and two others of her sex are applying for medical berths on other steamers registered at the port of Marseilles.

Bears Remembered Tormentor.

Three tame bears, which were given pepper in a summer garden at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., four years ago by Edward Carter, remembered their pain and plight, and recently fought to get at him. He had not been in the garden since and his beard had been shortened, but when he again came near the bears' cage the animals recognized him, and, growling furiously, they strove to get at him, causing such excitement that he had to leave the garden. It was some time before they were quieted.

Pollock in Swarms.

A novel sight in Quoddy, Me., the other afternoon was the large schools of pollock, so many in number that they rushed the water in waves before them in their efforts to obtain the palatable scrimp, which, in trying to escape, piled themselves in helpless masses on the shores. Hook and line were of no use in the seething mass, so the fishermen used the gaff and fork, filling their boats with the fatty beauties in short order.

Shark Is Strange Water.

A shark measuring 8 feet and 6 inches in length and weighing more than 200 pounds became tangled in the nets of George Kelley a short distance south of Northport campground, in Maine, last week. A large fish had been seen in the vicinity several days and fish in the nets had been taken, but the intruder got tangled and was unable to get away. It is said to be the first shark ever killed in Penobscot waters.

Sample of Maine Men.

Uncle Ned Gregory of Fort Fairfield, Me., is the oldest man in his part of the state. He celebrated his 99th birthday recently, and the celebration took the form of planting an acre of potatoes, which acre he cleared off brush last winter.

IN CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

NOT AN IDEAL SPOT FOR THE NERVOUS INDIVIDUAL.

Inhabitants of Venezuelan Town Newer at a Loss for Excitement—Every House Easily Turned into a Fortress.

Ciudad Bolivar, the scene of the Venezuelan revolutionists' last stand against Castro's army, is an exciting place to live in, even at the best of times.

"It is a semi-civilized spot on the verge of the unknown jungle," said a New Yorker, who has been there. "I was condemned for my sins, to spend a week there shortly before the town fell into the hands of the revolutionists last year."

"I noticed that if anybody went out after dark he always stuck his revolver in his belt, and I was warned by several friendly citizens not to stay out late in the streets unless I wished to be held up and perhaps murdered."

"It was a paradise for the adventurous. One day I saw a rum-shop keeper chase the local barber down the street with a loaded pistol in one hand and a machete in the other. I offered up a prayer for the tonsorial artist, because I had no razor and he was the only one. Luckily he escaped."

The trouble was about as overdone account. The purveyor of liquor was simply trying to collect his money according to the approved local custom.

"Another day an imprisoned revolutionist escaped from the cuartel, or barracks, and a couple of soldiers ran out to stop him with bullets. He got one in the leg and pulled up howling. The people thought the revolutionists had come, so in a trice shops were shut, doors bolted, and everybody disappeared off the streets like magic."

"The doors and shutters of the merchants' stores are made of sheet iron. When they are closed the stores become veritable fortresses."

"Most of the private houses are similarly protected, and have little grilles through which the inmates can spy out to see whether visitors are enemies or friends. Truly, a soothing place for a nervous man to live in."

"When the shots were fired at the runway I happened to be in the British consulate, spinning yarns with the Vice-Consul. Immediately he heard the shots he looked his safe, the clerk shut and barred the steel doors, and then we got our revolvers and went out on the balcony to see the fun. But it was all over in a moment, and the poor, wounded wretch was dragged roughly along the street back to the cuartel."

"Ciudad Bolivar is probably the hottest place on earth. It is built on solid black rock which retains the day's heat far into the night, so there is practically no respite. New York's record heat wave would have been welcomed as a cool spell by the inhabitants of the Orinoco head."

"All day long one is plagued by myriads of mosquitoes more aggressive, even than those which have made New Jersey famous; and at night battalions of frogs croak horribly and murder sleep."

"The walls of the houses are badly pitted with bullet marks—grim relics of former revolutions—and many are in ruins. Ciudad Bolivar has often been a battlefield before to-day."

"The streets are unpaved, and in the center of each there is a green, stagnant ditch. Where streets intersect, a plank is thrown across to bridge these ditches."

"There are no vehicles, and indeed very little civilization of any kind. The place is always swarming with nickel-plated generals and bandit soldiers, who fasten upon the unfortunate inhabitants, sip aquadulente, smoke their eternal brown cigarettes and discuss the glorious victories they are going to win."—New York Sun.

Submarine Boats.

The Protector differs chiefly from the Holland and other types of submarine boats in being able to run along on wheels upon the floor of the ocean. Traveling on the bottom is declared to be the most simple, safe and reliable method known to underwater navigation. There are two wheels fitted to the keel—one in advance of the other. They are three feet in diameter, with a nine-inch face.

The Modern Way.

Edith—That horrid old man Hluka, who has one foot in the grave, actually had the nerve to propose to me last night.
Mayme—The idea! Of course you gave him the frosty digit.
Edith—Indeed I didn't do anything of the kind. Just to punish him for his audacity, I accepted him. He's worth at least half a million."

New Nitrate Field.
The nitrate of soda, the important element in fertilizers, is sight in the recently discovered deposits in the Mojave desert, California. It is said to be more than 20,000,000 tons. Hitherto the only nitrate beds known were those on the rainless coast of Chile.

Choose Your Company Carefully.

Before encouraging any parasite that promises to kill mosquitoes it would be wise to be absolutely certain about the parasite's friendliness to human interests. Some of these exterminators, however, turned out to be as bad as the original nuisance.

Easy for the Hen.

A new process has been discovered for the preservation of eggs so that so much effort will not be required on the part of the American hen. But the American hen has yet to go on a strike and demonstrate her power in the world.

Fisherman's Luck.

An Indiana fisherman threw in his hook and line the other day and pulled out a handsome young woman who was trying to commit suicide. He must be a literal descendant of the boy who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum."—Columbus Dispatch.

Millions in Sugar.

Germany owns the United States nearly \$5,000,000 worth of beet sugar a year.